He kept checking it.

But his excess of caution didn't extend to his netbook. Warfarin left it on the bed while he went to pee. His cigar-store Buddhist shoved it in his knapsack and checked out. Vixen Foxy should have done a body search. She wanted to, but one thing led to another and there was work to do. She had to find somebody to do it, or do it herself which was unthinkable).

Johnny had a spare phone that would work on Warfarin's account. All the networks were owned by the same good family. Citizen Hearse could have merged them, but he made more money this way. Clients continually switched phones, then had to pay to switch networks and vice versa as Hearse lured there now here now there with one or another rigged special.

Johnny told Porko Warfarin could have it. For free! Porko said Warfarin had to pay, or he'd just keep losing phones. Johnny figured Porko was at Citizen Hearse's establishment down Thing Street. There was always another one, down Thing Street. Hearse would check himself into some hotel, and realize he owned it!

He agreed to meet Porko and Warfarin across from Mahmoud Fukabuk's Dollar Emporium. Johnny walked slightly behind them. Their sqaw.

Warfarin wanted to know how much? Johnny suggested $10 but Porko gestured with his thumb. More! Johnny suggested $20. Porko gestured again for more. Then Warfarin (ever the sly one) wanted to see it first. So Johnny handed him the phone, which he immediately realized was a mistake.

He'd never get his money. Nice, Warfarin purred. Certainly nicer than the one he'd lost, battered with a crack screen from one too many deals gone bad. Later he said he found it. It had probably never been lost. He just got tired of texting dealers on a cracked screen.

But now Warfarin had to get a new SIM card from the phone company. He and Johnny went into the store on Thing Street. Porko had work to do (somebody had to work). The clerk removed the battery to insert the card. He said they'd soon have to get a new one. They saw it was swollen. It should have been perfectly flat. It was slightly convex.

They met Porko at the pizza maker's around the corner. It was mainly takeout. There weren't any tables, just a counter in front of the fridge, the oven and the table where the owner kneaded the dough and dressed the pizzas. His employees sold them, slices and pop over the counter. Most people took away their orders, but a few sat on the window ledge eating. They joined them.

There wasn't much room to begin with, and now it was noon and a bus had arrived at the Thing Street stop. There was a new black guy selling. He seemed nice, but he sold off their pizza slice by slice to the bus crowd, instead of making them wait. It was understandable. They were in a hurry.

Warfarin put what was left on a paper plate in a bag to take home in his knapsack. They went east on Thing Street to the phone store. Johnny and Warfarin went inside to look for a new battery, while Porko went on to work.

Warfarin seemed to freeze except for his hands which slowly began searching his pockets. Johnny was afraid he'd lost his phone again. Warfarin painstakingly removed his am his money, bills and a few coins. Johnny noticed the fifty. He had money!

My weed, he said. I think I lost my weed. Johnny caught the smug look, the simper. As if Warfarin was so confident he'd impressed him he didn't even bother to seek his approval; he just assumed it was there. Johnny had seen it in Butch. He would explain that he was hard up for cash and had to eat the free lunch at PORC, because this was his green week. The seeming confidence was really a boast. Johnny wanted to slap him. Everyone ran around to get him a phone, but all he cared about was fucking weed.